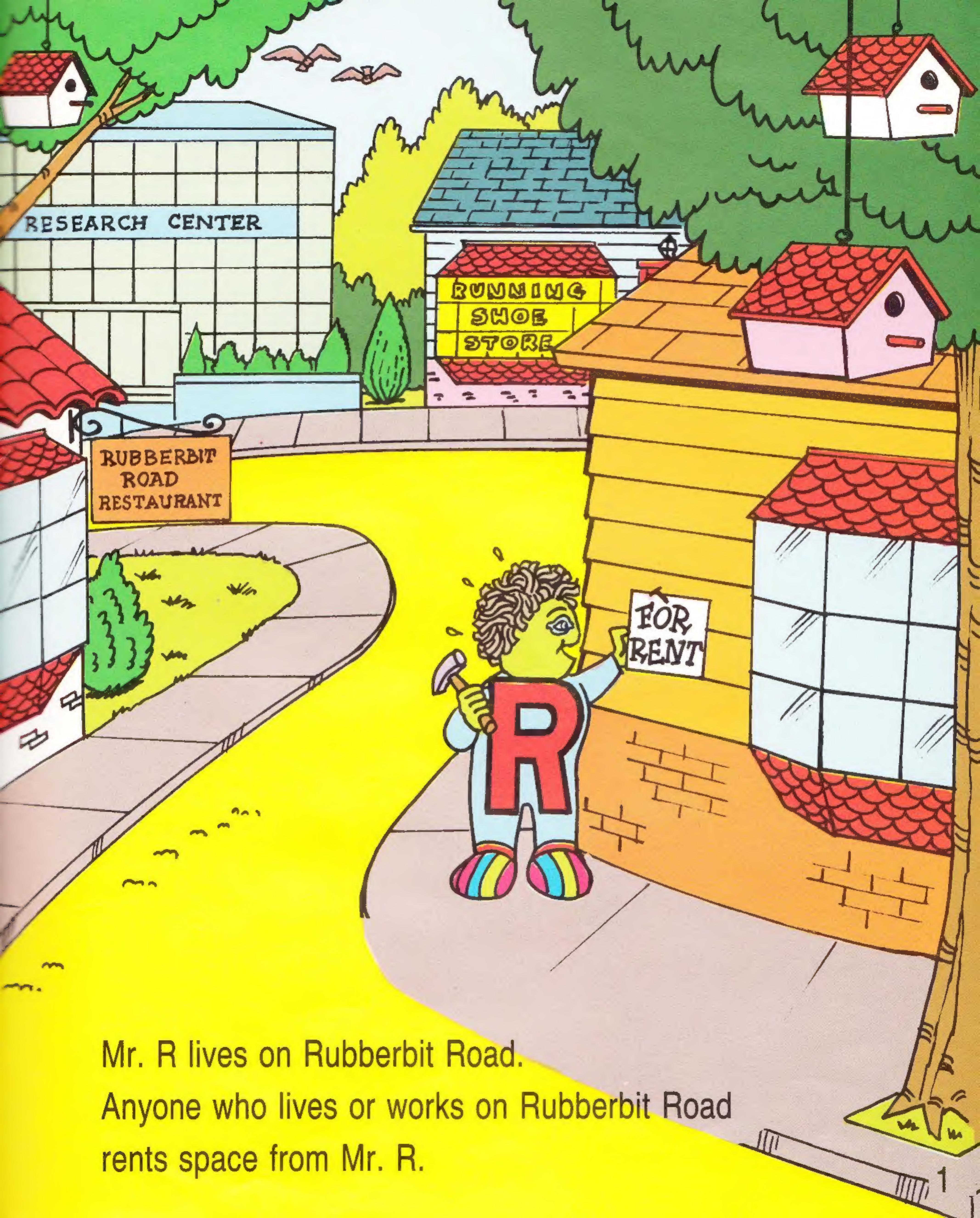


The Rubberbit Roundup



ELAYNE REISS-WEIMANN

RITA FRIEDMAN



Mr. R lives on Rubberbit Road.

Anyone who lives or works on Rubberbit Road
rents space from Mr. R.

Every day Mr. R makes rubberbits.

No one will buy his rubberbits.

“Mr. R, rubberbits look as nice as your hair,”
say the people.

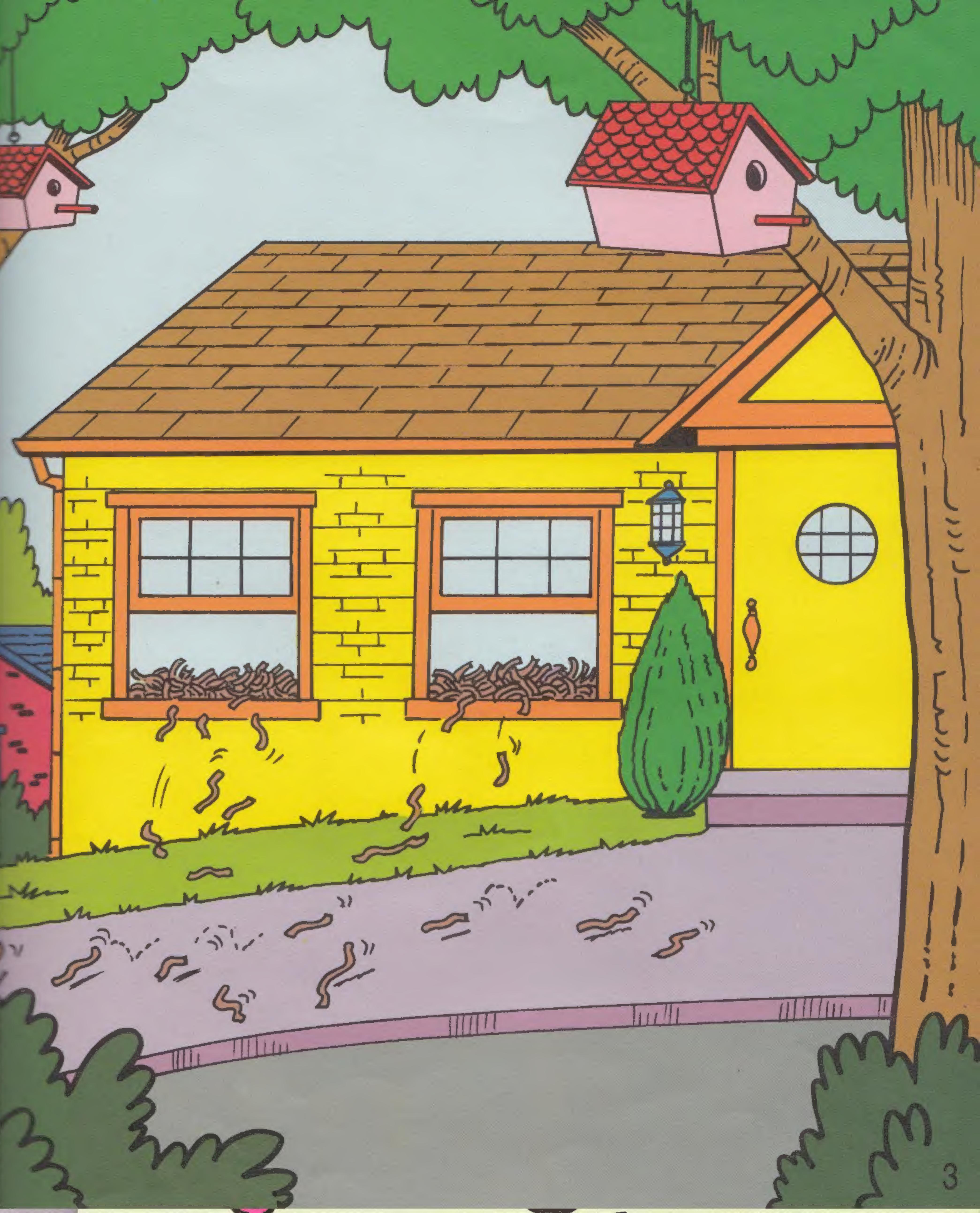
“However, we do not have any use for rubberbits.”

This does not stop Mr. R from making rubberbits.

Soon every room in Mr. R’s house
is filled with rubberbits.

The rubberbits roll out the open windows
onto Rubberbit Road.

That’s when rubberbit problems begin.



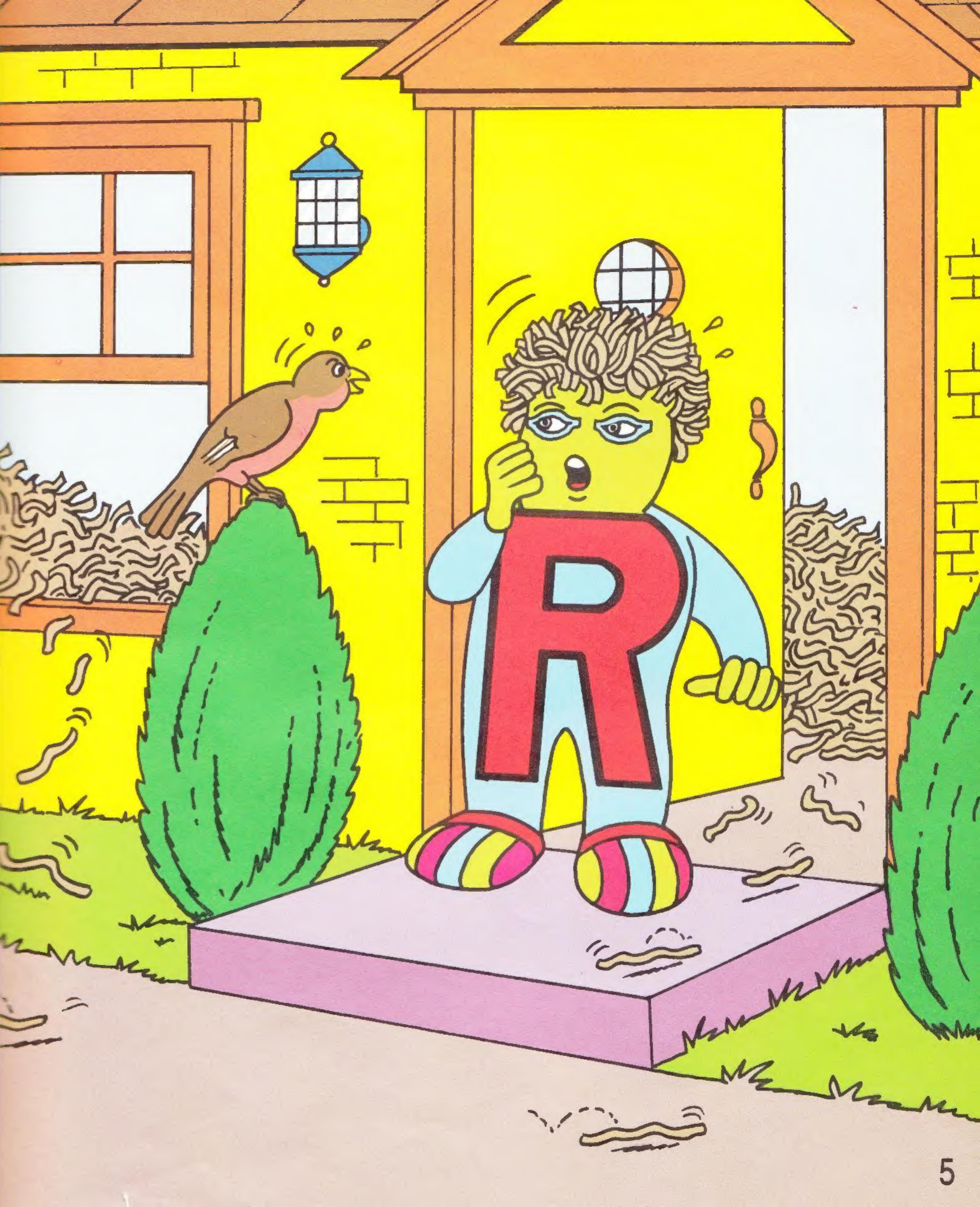
Robin Redbreast rushes to Mr. R's house.

"Mr. R," says Robin Redbreast, "the robins cannot rent birdhouses on Rubberbit Road anymore."

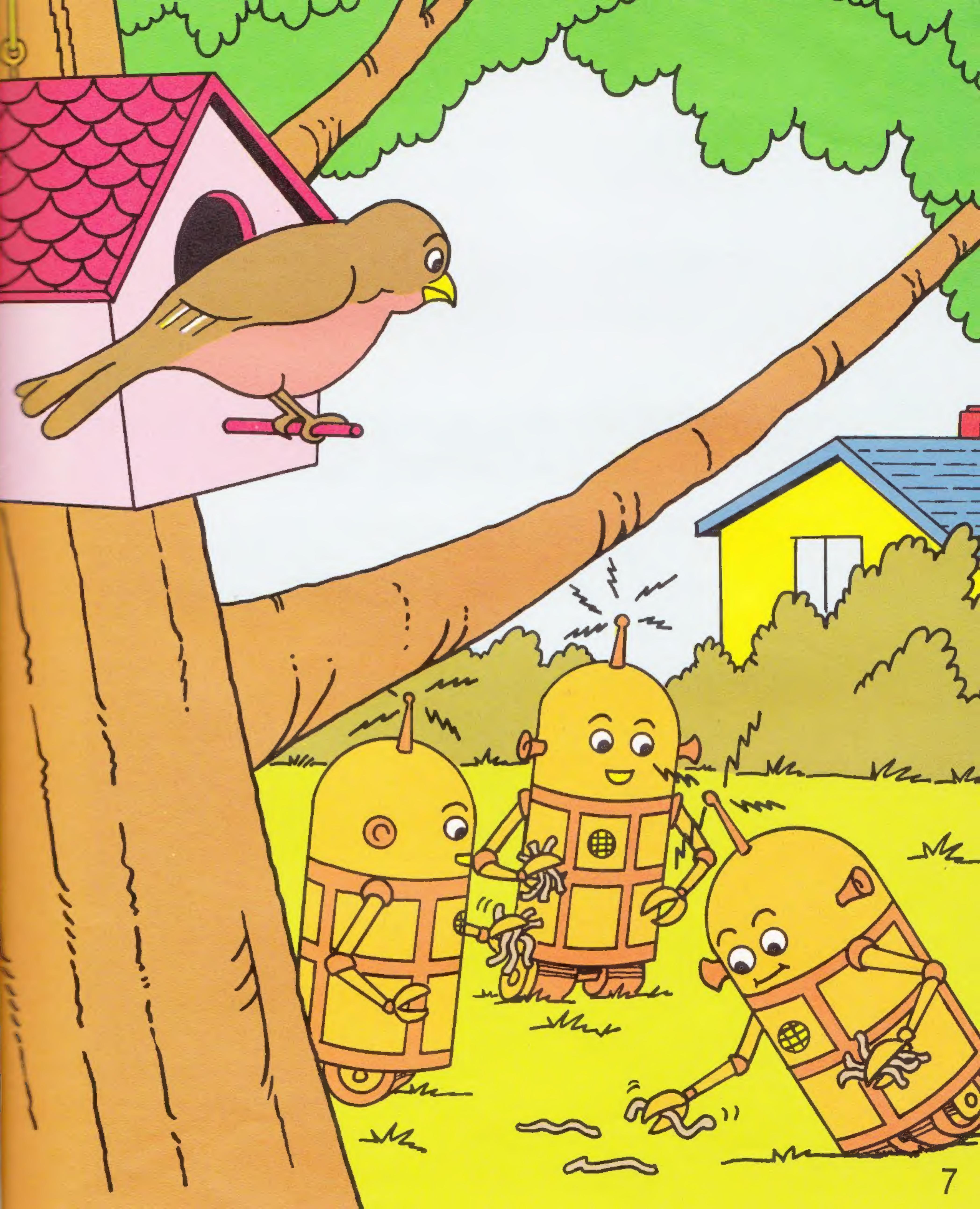
"Why, do the birdhouses need repair?" asks Mr. R.
"There isn't anything wrong with the birdhouses,"
replies Robin Redbreast.

"There is something wrong with the worms.
The robins cannot eat the worms they find
on Rubberbit Road."

"Really?" says Mr. R. "That's very strange.
I will send my Rubberbit Road Robots
to solve the problem."



Mr. R programs the Rubberbit Road Robots.
The Rubberbit Road Robots follow Robin Redbreast
to his birdhouse.
The robots do what they are programmed to do.
The robots pick up the worms.
The robots put down the worms.
But they cannot discover what is wrong
with the worms.
Robots cannot be programmed to think.



Robin Redbreast returns to Mr. R's house.

"The Rubberbit Road Robots cannot discover what is wrong with the worms," says Robin Redbreast.

"I'll ask Rita, the Rubberbit Road Researcher, to help solve the problem," says Mr. R.

"Reprogram the Rubberbit Road Robots," says Rita.

"Send them to me with some worms.

I will research the problem and send you a report."

Mr. R reprograms the Rubberbit Road Robots.

The robots rush to the Research Center with the worms.



The next day Mr. R receives a report from Rita.

Mr. R reads the report rapidly.

"Oh, dear," he says, "the worm problem is my fault."

Mr. R rushes to find Robin Redbreast.

"There isn't anything wrong with the worms on Rubberbit Road," says Mr. R.

"The worms the robins are finding are not worms."

"What are they?" asks Robin Redbreast.

"They are rubberbits," says Mr. R.



"I am very relieved to hear this,"
says Robin Redbreast.

"Now the robins can remain in their birdhouses
on Rubberbit Road.

However, Mr. R, you must not let rubberbits
roll onto Rubberbit Road.

The robins do not want any more rubberbit problems."

"I will be sure the rubberbits I make
remain inside my house," promises Mr. R.

"I will remember to close all my windows."



The next day, Mr. R gets ready to make rubberbits.
Mr. R remembers to close all his windows.
However, there is something he does not remember.
The robots are programmed to open the windows
as soon as the house becomes too warm.
Mr. R makes rubberbits and more rubberbits.
The house becomes too warm.
The robots open all the windows.
A strong wind blows the rubberbits
all over Rubberbit Road.
Rubberbit problems begin again.



Mr. R receives an emergency telephone call from the Rubberbit Road Restaurant.

He rushes to the restaurant.

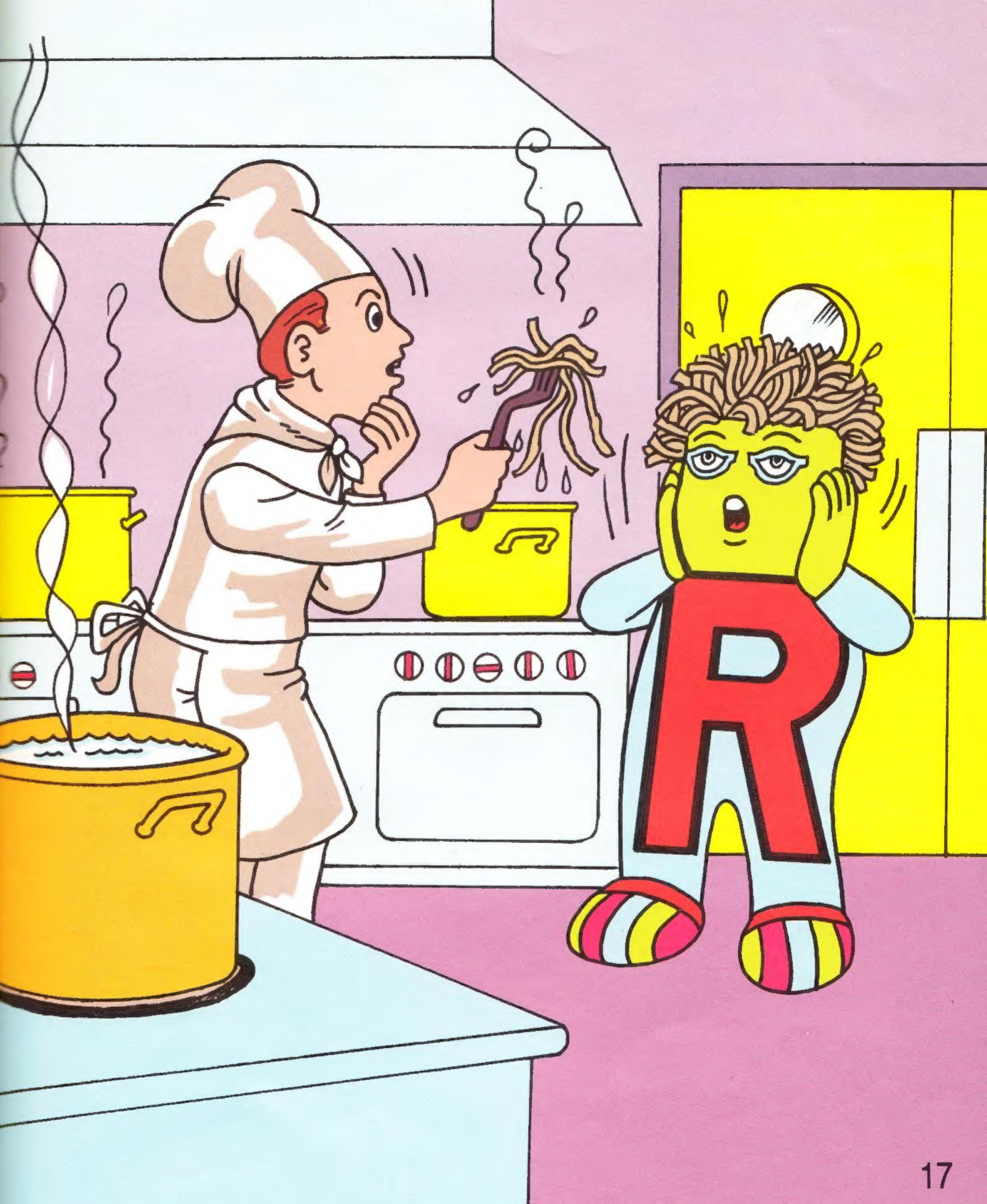
"I cannot rent this restaurant anymore," says Ronny the Chef.

"Why, does the roof leak?" asks Mr. R.

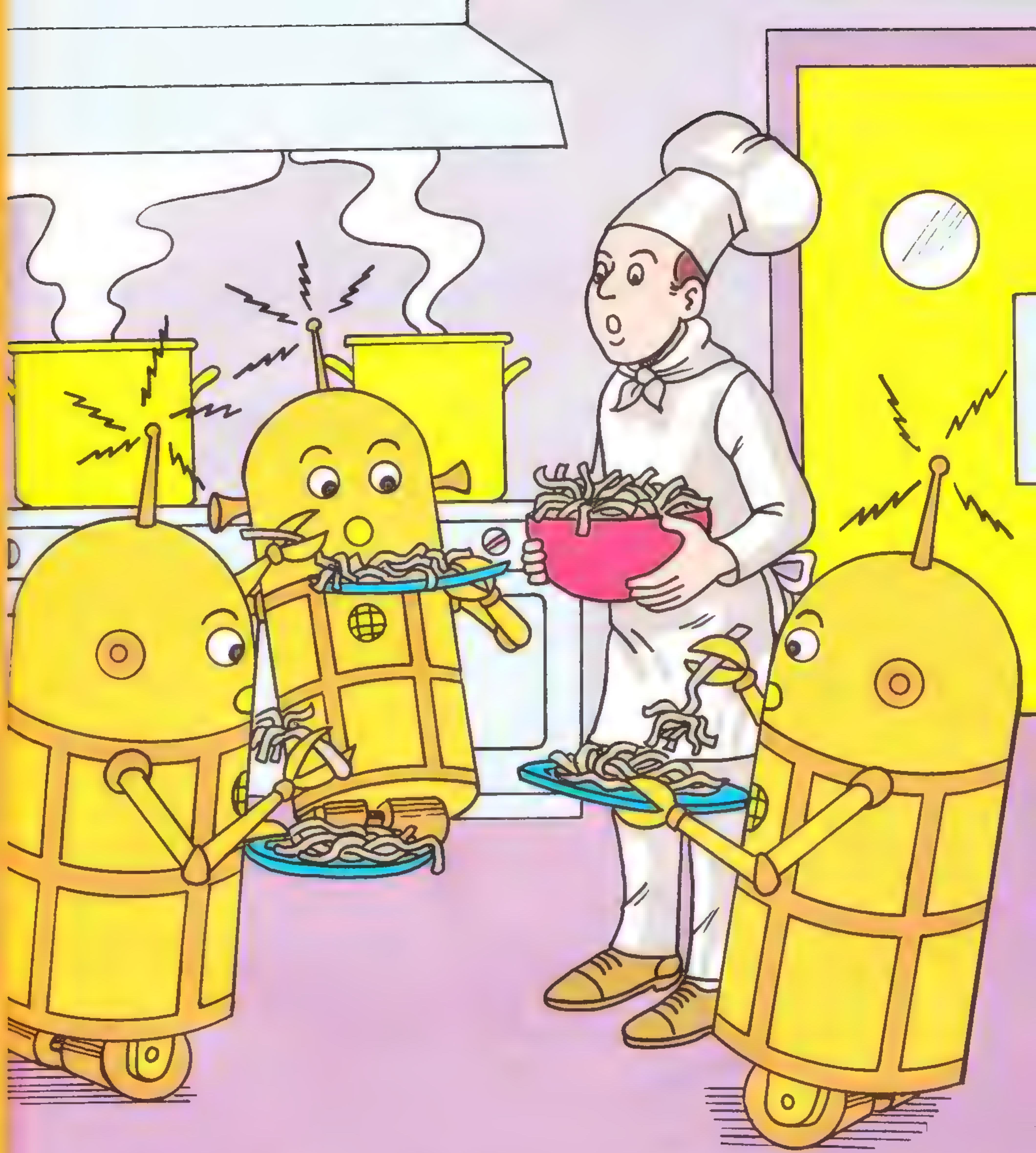
"There isn't anything wrong with the roof," replies Ronny.

"There is something wrong with my spaghetti. Recently my customers are refusing to eat it."

"I will send the Rubberbit Road Robots to taste the spaghetti," says Mr. R.



The Rubberbit Road Robots rush to the restaurant.
The robots can do what they are programmed to do.
They taste the spaghetti.
However, the robots cannot decide
what is wrong with it.
Robots cannot be programmed to think.
Once again Mr. R needs the help of Rita
the Rubberbit Road Researcher.



The Rubberbit Road Robots bring the spaghetti to the Research Center.

Rita looks at the spaghetti and smiles.

“I know the reason people refuse to eat this spaghetti,” she thinks.

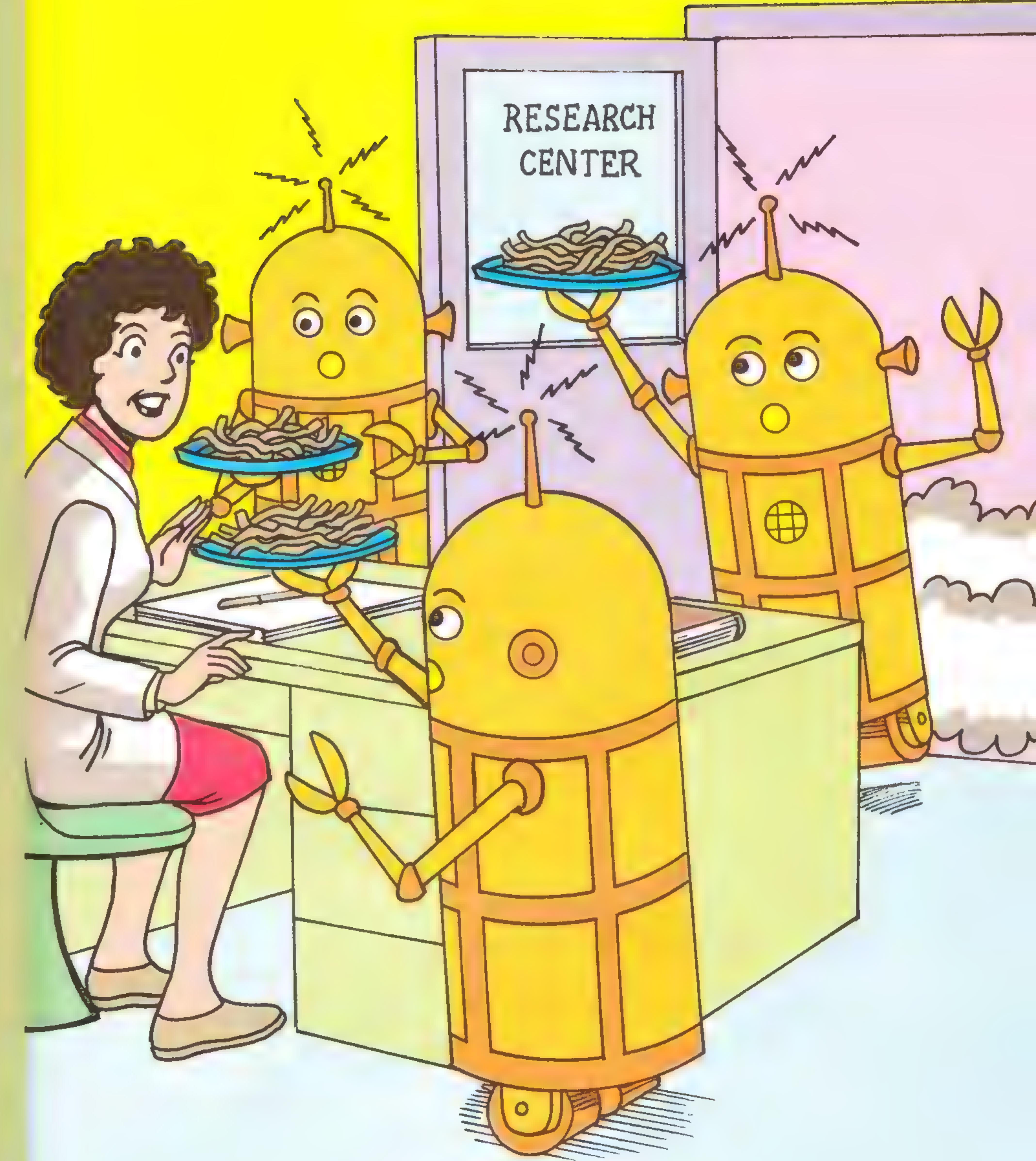
Rita writes a report while the robots wait.

The Rubberbit Road Robots return to Mr. R with Rita’s report.

“Oh, dear!” sighs Mr. R, as he reads the report.

“The spaghetti problem is my fault.

The spaghetti Ronny is cooking is not spaghetti. Ronny is cooking rubberbits.”



Mr. R reads Rita's report to Ronny.

"I am very relieved there isn't anything wrong with my spaghetti," says Ronny.

"I will remain on Rubberbit Road if you do not let rubberbits get into my restaurant."

"Do not worry," replies Mr. R.

"I will reprogram the Rubberbit Road Robots. They will not open my windows anymore. All the rubberbits I make will remain inside my house."

Mr. R keeps his promise, but there are still many rubberbits rolling around on Rubberbit Road. Some of them roll into the Running Shoes Shop. Rubberbit problems begin again.



The woman who rents the Running Shoes Shop telephones Mr. R.

"People are returning the running shoes they buy," she says.

"The laces on their running shoes keep breaking."

Mr. R rushes to the Running Shoes Shop.

He examines the laces.

"These laces are not laces," says Mr. R.

"What are they?" asks the shop owner.

"They are rubberbits," says Mr. R sadly.

"Please, remain in your shop.

Rubberbits will not give you any more problems.

I will find every rubberbit that has rolled onto Rubberbit Road."



Mr. R works and works until he finds every rubberbit
that has rolled onto Rubberbit Road.

He packs the rubberbits in many, many small boxes.
However, the boxes will not remain closed.

The tops keep popping open.

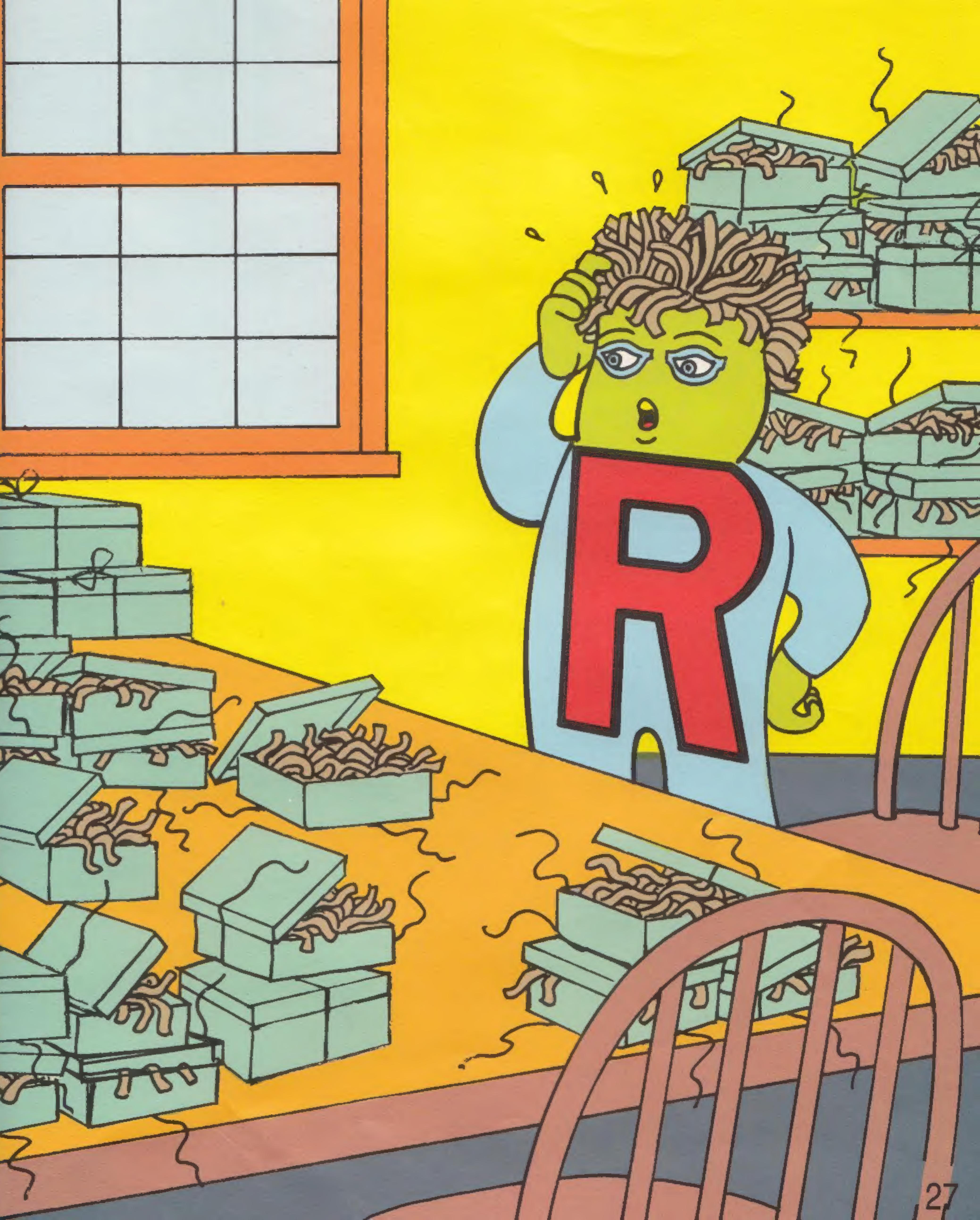
Mr. R ties a string around each box.

The strings pop open.

"Strings don't work well," says Mr. R.

"I will make something I do not have to tie.

I will make something that will stretch
and fit tightly around each box."



Mr. R works and works in his house.
Everyone on Rubberbit Road is worried.
"Mr. R," they say, "you did not remember
to close your windows."
"Do not worry," says Mr. R.
"I am not making rubberbits.
I am making things that are new and different.
They will not look like worms, spaghetti, or laces.
They will stretch and fit tightly around a box.
I will call them rubber bands!" says Mr. R proudly.
"That's a great idea," say the people.



Now Mr. R only makes rubber bands.
Rubber bands never cause any problems.
People buy and use all the rubber bands Mr. R makes.

